Eugene's Annals:

BEING AN

Exact and compleat

HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE and Glorious ACTIONS

OF

Prince EUGENE *of* SAVOY.

From his Birth, to his ſigning the Peace at *Raſtadt.*

TOGETHER

With his Illuſtrious Deſcent, chief Titles of Honour and Preferment.

Non fuit major ſub imperio Romano Dies, quam ille, cum duo omnium & antea & poſtea Ducum maximi, ille Italiæ, *hic* Hiſpaniæ *Victor, collatis cominus Signis direxere aciem.*

Florus.

LONDON.

Printed for *S. Popping* at the *Black Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter.* Price, 6*d.*

Eugenio's Annals:

Exact and compleat

HISTORY

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

Having learn'd of Tacitus, *that weighty and remarkable Occurrences ought to be digested by Way of* Annals, *into the proper Years in which they were transacted; and that the principal Business of* Annals *is to preserve virtuous Actions from being buried in Oblivion; I chose to follow his Method, and to give the same Title, to my Collections of the Glorious Actions of the Princes of* Mindelheim *and* Savoy, *the rather, because this Method gives a more succinct View than any other, of their several Campaigns in* Italy, Germany, *and the* Low Countries.

When I undertook to write the Annals of Churchil, *the repeated Censures and Reproaches, that virulent Hatred and Calumny which I saw thrown by scurrilous Pens and Tongues upon the late just and glorious War, as well as upon his Grace the Duke of* Marlborough, *did almost discourage me from proceeding; but my Affection to my Country, and the Memory of the Two Great Generals (which must be dear for ever to all true* Englishmen *and* Germans) *at last prevail'd with me to publish it, and finding the same so well approv'd, I was encourag'd to recommend this History of Prince* Eugene *in the same Manner to my Country, not doubting that Posterity will give both these Warriors their* due Honour.

Florus *the* Roman Historian *observes, to the immortal Honour of* Scipio *and* Hanibal, *that there*

was never a greater Day under the Roman Empire, than when those Two Captains (whom he celebrates for the Greatest that ever were, or will be) joyn'd their Banners, and conducted their Army together, one having already conquer'd Italy, and the other Spain. But I believe were the same Historian now alive, he wou'd not fail to do the same Justice to Eugene and Marlborough; who, as they have been always victorious, both in Italy, Germany, and Flanders, notwithstanding the Toils, the Herculean Labours, the Neglects, the Difficulties that have been their constant Companions in the Field; so they have been ever faithful to their Sovereigns and the common Cause, tho' they have been plied with various Temptations from the Enemy, and provok'd with repeated Injuries at Home. Nay, I believe the Roman wou'd confess without any Disparagement to his Scipio or Hanibal, that the signal Victories of Hochstet, Ramilies, Turin, Audenard, and Blaregnies, and the famous Sieges of Vienna, Landau, Doway, Lisle and Tournay, at which one or both of these Heroes signaliz'd their Valour, the surprizing March of the One over the rocky Alpes, and the stupendious Progress of the other, from the Maese to the Danube, are such Instances of consummate Generalship, as deserve greater Honours and Triumphs, than the Romans bestow'd on the Battles, Sieges, and Marches of either Hanibal or Scipio.

In short, had Florus seen these Two great Captains at one Time, on the Theatre of Mars, acquitting themselves with so much Honour and Glory, I dare affirm he wou'd have pronounc'd a late Day the Greatest that ever was under the German and British Empires, when EUGENE and MARLBOROUGH were the chief and joint Commanders of their Armies.

The Reader will here find the Personal Characters of both Generals drawn to the Life, by those eminent

Hands

Hands Mr. STEEL *(whom the* Dutch *have juſtly ſtil'd the* Engliſh Socrates) *and by his worthy Friend Mr.* ADDISON, *in his truly ingenious and Heroick Poem call'd the* Campaign.

I ſhall no longer detain my Readers with the Preface, but conclude with the Wiſh of a modern Author of Eminence, Oh! that the Prince of *Savoy*, was as good a Proteſtant as the Prince of *Mindelheim*, what Hopes might not the true Church of Chriſt receive from Two ſuch valiant DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH! *I am*

Your faithful Annaliſt.

PHILO-STRATEGOS.

2 AP 63

THE CONTENTS.

THE *Prince's Deſcent, Birth and Education,* Page, 1.

He receives a Grant from the French King, *p.* 2.

How he reſented his Mother's Baniſhment from Court, and his Brother's Diſgrace. Ibid.

He prefers a military Employ, before a Poſt in the Church. Ibid.

His Journey to Vienna. Ibid.

His Firſt Poſt in the Army. Ibid.

His Gallantry at raiſing the Siege of Vienna. *p.* 3.

His Tutors in the Art of War. Ibid.

His Bravery at the Sieges of Gran, Buda *and* Newhauſel. *Ibid.*

The D. of Lorain's *Recommendation of him to the Emperor.* Ibid.

He takes the Town of Five Churches. *p.* 4.

He has the chief Command of the Army. Ibid.

His Conduct in the Battle of Mohatz. Ibid.

His Preſent from the Emperor. Ibid.

He ſerves under the Elector of Bavaria. *Ibid.*

His Behaviour in the Storm of Belgrade. *Ibid.*

His ſucceſsful Negotiations with his Couſin the Duke of Savoy. *p.* 5.

How he revenges the Ravages committed by the French in the Palatinate, *upon the Dutchy of* Mantua. *Ib.*

He raiſes the Siege of Coni. *Ibid.*

He defeats the French near the Po. *p.* 6.

He

He takes Carmagnola, and subdues great Part of Dauphiny. p. 6.
The Honour done to the Prince by the Duke of Savoy's Will. Ibid.
He prevents an Insurrection among the Savoyards. p. 7.
His Engagement with the French at Marsiglia. Ibid.
He takes the Abbey of St. George and Casal. Ibid.
The French King endeavours to bribe him with large Promises. Ibid.
His Fidelity to the Emperor, and his Majesty's Esteem for him. Ibid.
His great Victory over the Turks at Zenta. Ibid.
He reduces all Bosnia. p. 8.
His Reception at his Return to Vienna. Ibid.
The Emperor sends him Generalissimo to Italy. p. 9.
His wonderful March over the Alps. Ibid.
He passes the Adige by a Stratagem, when all the Ports along the Rhine were in the French Hands. Ibid.
His Answer to the Complaint of M. Catinat. Ibid.
He beats the French at Carpi. Ibid.
He repels them at Chiari. p. 10.
His numerous Stratagems. Ibid.
He takes several Garrisons. Ibid.
He surprizes Cremona. p. 11.
An ingenious Epigram upon it. Ibid.
He is made President of the Council of War. p. 12.
His further Negotiations with the D. of Savoy. Ibid.
His Commission to the Hungarians. Ibid.
His Conduct at the Battle of Hochstet. Ibid.
——— at the Siege of Landau. p. 13.
He defeats them near Treviglio. Ibid.
His Proposal to the Emperor of the Silesian Loan. p. 14.
He forces the French from the Banks of the Adige. Ibid.
His Gallantry in raising the Siege of Turin. p. 15.
He is made chief Governor of Milan. p. 16.
His Conduct at the Siege of Toulon. Ibid.

His

He takes Susa. p. 16
His Glorious Campaigns in the Low Countrys *with the D. of* Marlborough. p. 17.
A French Trick to poyson him. Ibid.
He receives an honourable Embassy from the Grand Vizier. Ibid.
He gives a splendid Audience to the Turkish Aga. p. 18.
His Arrival in England. p. 19.
His Reception by, and Behaviour to the Old and New Ministrys. Ibid.
His sincere Respect for the D. of Marlborough. *Ibid.*
The Respect shown him by our Merchants. Ibid.
His Success at Court. Ibid.
His Present from the Queen. Ibid.
The Death of his Nephew p. 20.
The Prince is scandalously treated by the French Faction. *Ibid.*
His Conference with the D. of Ormond *upon the Duke's unexpected Intimation of his Orders not to fight.* Ibid.
He takes Quesnoy. *Ibid.*
The Reason that oblig'd him to raise the Siege of Landrecy. p. 21.
His Vindication of the Earl of Albemarle *about the Battle of* Denain. *Ibid.*
His Conduct upon the Rhine. *Ibid.*
His Generosity in refusing Presents from the Monasteries. Ibid.
His Negotiations with M. Villars *at* Rastadt. *Ibid.*
He is receiv'd with great Joy at Vienna. p. 22.
His Highness's Character drawn by Mr. Steel. *Ibid.*
——— *By Sir* R. P. p. 24.
——— *By the University of* Doway. *Ibid.*
The Characters of both Churchil *and* Eugene, *in the Poem call'd the* Champaign, *by Mr.* Addison. p. 25.

2 AP 63

EUGENE's

EUGENE's ANNALS, &c.

Francis Eugene, Prince of *Savoy*, was born in 1663, and is deſcended from *Carignan*, one of the Three Branches of the Houſe of *Savoy*, being Son to *Eugene Maurice*, General of the *Swiſs* and *Griſons*, and Governor of *Champaign* in *France*, that came to the Earldom of *Soiſſons*, in Right of his Mother *Mary de Bourbon*, Daughter to *Charles de Bourbon*, Count *de Soiſſons* and *Dreux*, Son of *Lewis de Bourbon*, the firſt of the Name, Prince of *Conde*. Now this *Eugene Maurice*, was Grandſon to *Charles Emanuel* the Firſt, ſurnam'd the great Duke of *Savoy*, and *Catharine* of *Auſtria*, *Infanta* of *Spain*, Daughter of *Philip* II. So that this his Son *Francis*, has a Mixture of the Blood Royal both of *France* and *Spain*. His Mother was *Donna Olympia Mancini*, the Counteſs of *Soiſſons*, and Niece to Cardinal *Mazarine*, and he was the laſt of her Five Sons.

In 1670, he was committed to the Tuition of one of the *Sorbonne* Doctors; but his Father dying before he was 10 Years of Age, after the *French*

King had given him the Grant of an Abby, as a Step to a Cardinal's Cap; and the Government of *Champaign* being given out of the Family, it occaſion'd an Alteration in his intended Profeſſion.

The young Prince was full of Spirit and Reſentment of Injuries, and ſo jealous of the Honour of his Family, that when his Mother was baniſh'd by the King's Order from the *French* Court to the *Low Countries*, ſoon after her Huſband's Deceaſe, he proteſted againſt the Injuſtice of her Baniſhment, and vow'd eternal Enmity to the Authors of her Diſgrace. In the mean Time, he was ſtill train'd up to the Service of the Church, which having no Reliſh for, he deſired the King who maintain'd him according to his Quality, to give him ſome military Employ; but was deny'd ſometimes, on Account of the Weakneſs of his Conſtitution, at other Times for Want of a Vacancy, or a War to employ the Troops in.

But the Prince perceiving that he was involv'd in the Diſgrace of his Mother, and Elder Brother *Thomas*, Count *de Soiſſons*, who was diveſted of a Penſion of 100000*l. per Annum*, under Pretence of marrying againſt the King's Conſent, he reſolv'd to retire to *Vienna*, with another of his Brothers, Prince *Philip*, to whom the Emperor's Ambaſſador had in his Maſter's Name, promis'd a Regiment of Horſe: And when they arriv'd in *Germany*, the *Turks* were coming down upon the *Imperialiſts*, in order to make an Irruption into the Hereditary Country.

But Prince *Philip* receiving his Death's Wound, by the Fall of his Horſe, after he had gallantly behav'd himſelf in a Skirmiſh with the *Turks*, he left his Command to his Brother *Eugene*,

In 1683, this Prince ſignaliz'd his Gallantry for the Firſt Time, at the raiſing the Siege of *Vienna*, where he made a great Slaughter of the *Turks*, in the Preſence of *John* III. King of *Poland*, the preſent Elector of *Bavaria*, *John George* III. Elector of *Saxony*, *Charles* V. Duke of *Lorrain*, *Frederick*, Prince of *Waldeck*, *Lewis William* Mark-grave of *Baden*, and many other Great Men, of whom he learn'd the Art of War.

In 1683, and 1684, he behav'd himſelf ſo well, at the Sieges of *Gran* and *Buda*, that he gain'd the Applauſe, not only of the Duke of *Lorrain* and the Generals, but of the whole Army, and at the laſt Place receiv'd a ſmall Wound in his Arm, by a Musket Shot, as he was viſiting the Trenches.

In 1685, he was conſtant in the Trenches at the Siege of *Newhauſel*, where he ſhew'd freſh Proofs of his Courage, eſpecially in the general Aſſault when the Town was taken Sword in hand, and he was one of the firſt that entred the Place; whereupon the Duke of *Lorrain* ſaid to the Emperor, when he preſented him to His Majeſty at his Return from the Campaign, *May it pleaſe Your Majeſty, this young* Savoyard *will ſome time or other be the greateſt Captain of the Age*, as 'tis probable he will be, if alive, when his Illuſtrious Partner, JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH leaves this Militant, for a Triumphant State above.

In 1686, Prince *Eugene* ſerv'd a 2d time in the Siege of *Buda*, under the Elector of *Bavaria* and Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, where he had another ſmall Wound. Nevertheleſs he aſſiſted in the general Storm, where he did all he cou'd to ſave the brave Baſſa, who died fighting in the Breach, and order'd the Granadiers of his Regiment, who

were

were foremoſt in that Attempt, to take him Priſoner, after having given his Protection to the *Aga* of the Janiſaries, who choſe rather to ſubmit than to die fighting, when all Hopes of Succeſs were paſs'd.

After this, the Town of *Quinque Eccleſiæ*, or *Five Churches*, was taken by this Prince's Means, and yielded at Diſcretion; and his Highneſs was inveſted with the chief Command of the Troops of the Imperialiſts and their Confederates, as they lay in their Winter Quarters, in the Abſence of the ſupreme Officers.

In 1687, at the Battle of *Mohatz*, in *Hungary*, where the *Turks* were totally routed, Prince *Eugene* was the firſt that entred the Turkiſh Camp, and ſet up the *German Eagle* in the Place of their *Creſcent*; for which Service, he had the Honour to carry the News of this Victory to the Emperor, that he might receive the Rewards due to his Merit. Accordingly his Imperial Majeſty preſented him with his Picture ſet in Diamonds.

In 1688, his Highneſs, during the Duke of *Lorrain's* Sickneſs, ſerv'd under the Elector of *Bavaria*, where he gave ſuch Proofs of his Ability and Courage, that he would always have him near his Perſon, to conſult with him in Caſes of Emergency. He did great Service in the Storm of *Belgrade*, which was taken by Means of his Diſcovery of a Place, that open'd a Paſſage into the Caſtle; at the forcing of which, his Highneſs receiv'd a Cut through his Helmet by a Sabre, but he repaid it, by laying him that gave it him, dead at his Feet. Prince *Eugene* ſtill deſir'd to ſerve in *Hungary*; but

In 1689, When the Grand Alliance was forming to repel the unjuſt Invaſions of *France*, his Highneſs

Highneſs being a-Kin to the Duke of *Savoy*, was ſent thither to engage that Duke in the Confederacy, which he accordingly effected; and then he took upon him the Command of the Emperor's Forces in *Italy*, and block'd up *Mantua*, which had receiv'd a French Garriſon, of whom he kill'd above 500 in ſeveral Sallies; ſo that during the Years 1691, and 1692, they never durſt attempt the leaſt Excurſion. And being inform'd by an intercepted Letter, that the D. of *Mantua* was reſolv'd by Force, to prevent the *Germans* from entring his Teritories, he put moſt of his Country under Contribution, garriſon'd ſeveral of his Towns, plunder'd the Villages that would not pay their Contingencies, and put to the Sword near 300 of his Subjects, that took up Arms in their Defence. And tho' Complaint was made hereof to the Emperor, yet he approv'd of all that had been done, in Revenge of the Ravages which the *French* had committed in the *Palatinate*. In the mean time the Imperialiſts were quartered in the *Mantuan*, and Prince *Eugene* return'd to *Vienna*, to give the Emperor an Account of his Affairs in *Italy*, and to deſire him to ſend more Regiments thither; but ſuch had been the bad Succeſs of his Affairs in *Hungary*, that the Prince was ſent back without any Reinforcements.

In 1691, he contriv'd a Stratagem, by which with no more than 4000 Horſe, and a few *Militia*, he oblig'd the *French* who were 14000 ſtrong, to quit the Siege of *Coni* in ſuch Haſt, that they left in their Camp 400 ſick and wounded Soldiers, ſeveral Canon and Mortars, 300 Bombs, 700 Granadoes, 1500 Bullets, 240 Barrels of Powder, 500 Tents, Tools for breaking up Ground, 14 Mules and 30 Waggons.

After

After the Prince had rewarded the Garriſon for their brave Defence, he return'd to the Army, with which he mareh'd to the Enemy as they were paſſing the *Po*, fell upon their Rear, cut three entire Squadrons of them to Pieces, and after he had miraculouſly eſcap'd out of one of their Ambuſhes, by killing 40 of the Dragoons that had conceal'd themſelves, he compell'd the reſt to fly, and moſt of 'em leap'd into the *Po* to ſave themſelves by ſwimming.

The ſame Year he obliged *Carmagnola* to capitulate after Five Days open Trenches, with the Loſs of 80 Men kill'd, and 150 wounded, tho' 'twas well fortified, and provided with all Manner of Neceſſaries, for there were found in the Place, 20 Canon, ſeveral Mortars, abundance of Bombs and Carcaſſes, 13000 Sacks of Corn, and a vaſt Quantity of Ammunition.

From hence he went to *Vienna*, to give the Emperor an Account of the laſt Campaign; and at his Return in 1692, he entred *Dauphiny*, where the Inhabitants of *Gap* brought him the Keys of the Town, and all the neighbouring Country ſubmitted to Contribution: But the great Deſigns he had form'd, ſoon vaniſh'd, for the *Spaniards* would ſtay no longer in the Army, nor keep the Poſt of *Guilleſtre*, tho' Prince *Eugene*, whom they very much eſteem'd, endeavour'd to make them change their Reſolution.

This Miſcarriage is alſo partly attributed to the Sickneſs of the D. of *Savoy*, who it muſt be obſerved, was perſwaded to make a Will at this Time, whereby he declared Prince *Eugene* Adminiſtrator, or Regent, during the Minority of his Succeſſor.

In

In 1693, The Prince caus'd ſeveral Perſons, who endeavour'd to raiſe Inſurrections among the Duke of *Savoy's* natural Subjects, to be detected, apprehended, and puniſh'd. Then he advis'd the Siege of *Pignerol*, after which an Engagement enſued at *Marſiglia*, with the *French* Army that was far ſuperior in Number; but Prince *Eugene* who commanded the main Body, which conſiſted of the Foot of the Emperor, the King of *Great Britain*, and the Duke of *Savoy*, and had under him, the Count *de las Torres*, and the Marqueſs *de la Parolle*, made the Enemy give Ground wherever he came, and brought up the Rear in ſuch a Manner, as ſav'd all the Artillery and Baggage, and both Wings of the Confederate Army.

In 1694, the Prince took the *Abbey of St. George*, near *Suſa*, and made the Garriſon Priſoners of War.

In 1695, he commanded the Imperialiſts in the Siege of *Caſal*, and was for cloſing the Campaign with another Blow, but the Duke of *Savoy* made all his Deſigns Miſcarry.

In 1696 after the ſeparate Peace between *France* and *Savoy*, the King made very large Promiſes to Prince *Eugene*, particularly of his Father's Government of *Champaign*, beſides a Marſhal of *France's* Battoon, and a Penſion of 2000 Piſtoles a Year, but nothing was capable of ſhaking his Fidelity to the Emperor, who afterwards made him Commander of his Army in *Hungary*, preferably to many old Generals.

In 1697, the Prince commanded in chief in *Hungary*, and gain'd a ſignal Victory over the *Turks* at *Zenta*, not far from *Peter Waradin*, where with the Loſs of no more than 430 kill'd, and

1583 wounded on the Side of the *Germans*; 22000 *Turks* were kill'd in the Field, among whom was the Grand Vizier, and the Aga of the Janiſaries; 10 or 12000 were drown'd in the *Tibiſcus*, and 6000 wounded and taken Priſoners, among whom were 27 Baſhaws, and ſeveral Agas. The Imperialiſts took 9000 laden Waggons, after 3000 had been thrown into the *Tibiſcus*; the Grand Seignior's Tent, valued at 40000 Livres, with all the reſt belonging to his Army; 17000 Oxen, 6000 Camels, all heavy laden, 7000 Horſes, 100 heavy Canon, and 70 Field Pieces, beſides 500 Drums and as many Colours, 707 Horſes Tails, 83 other Standards, a Scymiter of ineſtimable Value, the Sultans great Seal, his Coach drawn by Eight Horſes, wherein were Ten of the Women of his Seraglio, 74 Pair of Silver Kettle Drums, all the Grand Seigniors Papers, and all the Money that was to pay the Army, which came to above 3,000,000 of Livers; and 'tis ſaid the whole Booty amounted to ſeveral Millions of Engliſh Sterling. The Grand Seignior fled to *Temiſwaer*, which the Prince intended to have beſieg'd, but the Weather not permitting him, he reduc'd the whole Kingdom of *Boſnia*, and burnt its Capital, and ſeveral other Places, which were not tenable, and afterhaving taken conſiderable Booty, he return'd to *Vienna*, where he was receiv'd by the Emperor, the Court, and the Citizens, with all the Marks of Affection and Eſteem.

In 1698, the Prince had again the Command of the Army, and march'd with it to give the *Turks* Battle, but did nothing of note this Campaign, becauſe Negotiations being ſet on Foot between the Two Empires, a Ceſſation of Arms enſued, which ended in a Truce.

In

In 1701 after the King of *France* had plac'd his Grandſon on the Throne of *Spain*, in Prejudice of the Rights of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and poſſeſs'd himſelf of the Dutchies of *Milan* and *Mantua*, which were Fiefs of the Empire, and had moreover engag'd the Duke of *Savoy* to his Intereſt, by procuring a Marriage betwixt his ſecond Daughter and King *Philip*; the Emperor knowing how dear the Intereſts of the Houſe of *Auſtria* were to Prince *Eugene*, and his Acquaintance with *Italy*, ſent him as Generaliſſimo with 30 or 40000 Men to that Country, where after a ſurprizing March over the Rocks and Mountains of the *Alps*, with his Artillery let down from Precipices by Engines, he paſs'd the *Adige* by a Stratagem, when all the Poſts along that River were poſſeſs'd by the *French* of whom he took ſome Priſoners, whereupon Marſhal *Catinat* complain'd to the Prince, as an Act without Precedent, that ſuch Hoſtilities were permitted before a Declaration of War; to which his Highneſs return'd no other Anſwer, than *that it had long been a Maxim with the* French, *to take Plunder, and commit far greater Outrages, without declaring War*, and at the ſame Time ſent him a Declaration of War from the Emperor. Then he drove the Enemy from the Banks of the Canal *Bianco* which runs into the *Adige*, tho' they made a terrible Fire on his Troops, and at laſt purſu'd them as far as *Carpi*, where he engag'd them, notwithſtanding the vaſt Advantages of the Enemy's Situation, and their ſtrong Intrenchments, and obliged them to retire in Diſorder, with the Loſs of above 1000 kill'd on the Spot, among whom was M. *de St. Fremont* one of the *French* Lieutenant Generals, and other Officers of Note, beſides 100 Priſoners, and 200 Horſes; here P.

Eugene receiv'd a Musket Shot in the Knee; but the Number of those slain on the part of the *Germans*, was very inconsiderable. After this, he oblig'd the *French* to quit their Intrenchments at *Villa Franca*, and passing the *Mincio* on a sudden, forc'd them to retire farther into the *Mantuan*, after losing 250 of their Rear-Guard, who were all made Prisoners: Upon which two or three Castles, strong enough to have held out formal Sieges, submitted to the *Germans*. The *French*, who were now retired into the *Mantuan*, and commanded by *Villeroy* in the room of Marshal *Catinat*, who was recall'd, fell upon P. *Eugene* in his Intrenchments near *Chiari*, but were so warmly receiv'd, that they left 4000 Soldiers, and 300 Officers dead upon the Spot, and were oblig'd to retire with such Precipitation that they cou'd not carry off their wounded, which were left behind in great Numbers, whereas the *Germans* lost but 36 kill'd, and 81 wounded. After this 'twas observ'd, the *French* lost more Men in several small Rencounters, than they wou'd have done in a pitch'd Battle and a total Rout, having always lost 15 or 20 Men, for one of the Imperialists; which is chiefly ascrib'd to the Conduct of the Prince, who never trusted any Parties abroad, but with Officers of Valour and Experience; and the many Stratagems made use of to surprize the *French*, and to draw them into Snares, wou'd afford Matter for whole Volumes: But I shall only take Notice of his most considerable Exploits.

At length the Prince march'd into the *Mantuan*, where he took *Fontanella* and *Canetto*, tho' the Enemy had 16000 Men near at Hand, whilst himself had but 10 or 12000. Then he put Garrisons in *Mirandola* and *Guastalla*, and took some Posts that

serv'd

ſerv'd to block up *Mantua*, after which he ſurpriz'd *Cremona*, but the Badneſs of the Ways, which hinder'd P. *Vaudemont* from coming to his Aſſiſtance, the Superiority of the Garriſon in Number of Men, and the Want of Ammunition, oblig'd him to retire, as he did, after having kill'd 2 or 3000 of the Garriſon, of whom were 90 Officers, and taken the Marſhal *de Villeroy*, and many other Perſons of Quality Priſoners, with the Loſs of no more than 300 Men, and 4 or 5 Officers of Note.

Here it may not be amiſs to inſert the following ingenious Epigram, made upon this remarkable Enterprize, and the Deſcent of the *Germans* from the *Alps* to *Verona*.

In *Germanos* ab alto ad *Veronam* et ex imo in *Cremonam*, prodeuntes.

FUlmine Cæſareo fretus Jovis ales ab alto
Intonuit, ſparſis Nubibus ima petens.
Suetus humo Gallus, miratur ab Æthere lapſum,
Cum fruſtra Alpibus invitis hoſtis adeſt.
En quoque *Cadmeam*, ſtupefacta *Cremona* catervam,
Armatos Tellus dum parit ipſa Viros.
Crede mihi, *Italicis* langueſcent Lilia Campis
Gallica, quando Hoſtes Terra paluſque ferunt.

On the Deſcent of the *Germans* from the *Alps* to *Verona*, and their Aſcent from the *Aqueduct* into *Cremona*.

F*Rom parting Clouds the* German-Eagle *brings*,
Vindictive Thunder on Imperial Wings.

The Gallick Warrior from beneath deſcrys,
With Wonder, while o're Alps *and Rocks he flyes,*
And levels at him from the Neighbouring Skies.
But ſee arm'd Numbers riſing from below!
Cremona *trembles, while the* Germans *flow*
Thro' opening Caverns on th' aſtoniſh'd Foe.
Believe me France, *your* Lilly *faintly grows,*
Nature han't fram'd it for th' Italian Snows,
'Twill never thrive, ſince Heaven and Earth oppoſe.

In the mean Time, the Prince who commanded at the Blockade of *Mantua*, gain'd ſeveral Advantages over the Garriſon in their Sallies, but wanting Reinforcements to cope with his numerous Enemy, and the Place being ſtrong, he was oblig'd to be for the moſt Part on the defenſive, 'till the Troubles excited in *Germany*, by the treacherous Rebellion of the Elector of *Bavaria*, requir'd his Preſence at the Imperial Court.

When the Prince arriv'd at *Vienna*, he was made Preſident of the Council of War, after which he was very inſtrumental in bringing off the Duke of *Savoy* from the Intereſt of *France*, and engaging him in an offenſive War.

In 1704 his Highneſs was ſent to *Presburg*, to endeavour an Accommodation with the *Hungarians*, but their Demands were thought too unreaſonable to be granted.

The next Military Action of his Highneſs, was the famous Battle of *Hochſtedt* this Year, wherein he commanded the right Wing, with which he attack'd the left of the *French* and *Bavarians* commanded by the Elector and the Marſhal *De Marſin*, which was far ſuperior in Number and Advantage of ground, and intrench'd ſo commodiouſly behind their Canon, that the Imperialiſts were very much annoy'd with their Batteries,

teries, before they cou'd form themſelves into Order of Battle; nevertheleſs, the Prince after two or three Repulſes, rally'd, and charg'd the Enemy's left Wing with ſo much Courage, that he put them to Flight, which forc'd them to diſgorge all their late Conqueſts, and to capitulate for what they held in *Bavaria*.

Then his Highneſs covered the Siege of *Landau*, and took it in Conjunction with the Duke of *Marlborough*, and form'd a Stratagem to ſurprize *Briſac*, which cou'd not have fail'd of Succeſs in all human Probability, if it had been as well executed as it was concerted.

In 1705 his Highneſs's Preſence was requir'd among the Imperial Troops in *Italy*, where he paſs'd the *Adige* in Sight of the Grand Prior of *France*, who endeavour'd all he cou'd to hinder him, and afterwards forc'd *Oſſetto* a Poſt of great Conſequence, to ſurrender at Diſcretion, and took *Soncino* (where was a Train of Artillery, and a vaſt Magazine of Ammunition and Proviſions) in Sight of the Enemy, who durſt not diſturb him. Then he proceeded to the *Adda*, after two hard marches by Day and Night, by which tho' he gain'd above two Days March of the Duke of *Vendoſme*, and his Brother the Grand Prior of *France*, who were marching thither to prevent his Paſſage, yet they overtook him before his Highneſs cou'd paſs it, becauſe of the breaking of the Bridges, Waggons, *&c.* the Rapidity of the Current, and other inſuperable Difficulties which delay'd him; whereupon a Battle enſu'd near *Treviglio*, in which his Highneſs engag'd the Enemy's whole Army, puſh'd them from their moſt advantagious ground, drove part of them into the Water, and forc'd them to a precipitate Flight, tho' they had made

a terrible Fire: But not being able to purſue them, becauſe the *German*'s Arms and Ammunition were wet by their wading thro' the Water, the Enemy renew'd their Fire with great Fury, and cou'd not be beat off their Ground, becauſe they were cover'd by two Canals, one of which was ſo deep that it was not paſſable. In this Action the Prince (who expos'd himſelf in all Places of the greateſt Danger) receiv'd a ſlight Wound, and had about 2027 Men kill'd and 2002 wounded. But the Chevalier *de Fourbin* and ſeveral more of the Enemy's Generals were kill'd; the greateſt Part of two Regiments of Dragoons drown'd in the *Adda*, and 7000 found dead in the Field, and thrown into the River, with part of their Baggage, beſides many of their Standards and Colours, and a great many Officers and Soldiers Priſoners.

His Highneſs ſoon after, with ſurprizing Conduct paſs'd the River *Serio*, tho' the Duke of *Vendoſme* narrowly watch'd him on the other Side.

The Prince having kept the Field 'till the middle of *December*, return'd to *Vienna*, to make Intereſt for Men and Money; and propos'd that happy Expedient to the Emperor, of mortgaging his Lands in *Sileſia* for 250000*l.* to the *Engliſh* Merchants; who out of Reſpect to ſo GREAT a GENERAL, ſubſcrib'd that Sum in five Days after the Books were open'd.

In 1706, the Prince return'd again to *Italy*, where he paſs'd the *Adige*, and oblig'd the *French* who were ſtrongly intrench'd along that River, to fly with ſuch Precipitation, that they left their Tents, Baggage, Colours and Proviſions behind them, and the Cavalry ran away without Bridles or Saddles. Then he paſs'd the *Po* and the *Secchia*,

chia, and having taken *Carpi*, *Reggio*, &c. with their Garriſons Priſoners of War, he paſs'd the *Tanaro*, and arrived near *Turin*, after the Troops under his Command had made 34 long Marches, and paſs'd 4 great Rivers, where the Enemy had made as many Intrenchments to hinder them; and tho' they had ſuffer'd very much from the violent Heat, Scarcity of Bread and Water, and fromthe Vigilance of their numerous and cunning Enemy.

Here his Highneſs was joyn'd by General *Staremberg*, and the Duke of *Savoy*, who with his Family, was forc'd to quit their Capital, which had been beſieged ſince the 3d, of *June* by the French, under the Duke of *Orleans*, and the Marſhal de *Marſin*, and was now in great Diſtreſs, but on the 7th, of *September*, the Confederates raiſed the Siege, by a famous Battle, in which Prince *Eugene* broke into their Trenches with his Sword drawn, and the ſame Evening his Highneſs and the D. of *Savoy* entred the City in great Triumph. The Battle in ſhort, was very bloody and the *French* were forc'd to abandon their Approaches, Canon, Mortars, and Ammunition, and in their Flight ſet fire to ſeveral Magazines of Powder, Bombs, and Granadoes. The Marſhal *de Marſin* was taken, and died of his Wounds, beſides whom were taken, 2 other Generals, 2 Marſhals de Camp, a Brigadier, 8 Collonels, 12 Lieutenant Collonels, 6 Majors, 98 Captains, 111 Lieutenants, 34 Cornets or Enſigns, 13 Enſigns and Commiſſaries of the Artillery, 7640 private Soldiers, with thoſe taken at *Chivas*, beſides 4706 kill'd in Battle. They left in their Works, 225 Canon, 108 Mortars, 7,800 Bombs, 32,000 Royal Granadoes, 48,000 Canon Ball, beſides a great Number in the Ditches;

4000

4000 Cheſts of Musket Shot, 86 Barrels of Powder containing each one Hundred Weight, all their Tents and Baggage, a great Number of Standards, Colours, and Kettle Drums, 5000 Horſes, Mules and Oxen, 27 large Boats with Ammunition, all their Pontons, 4 Pictures of the French King ſet with Diamonds, valu'd at 4000 Piſtoles, 3000 Sacks of Corn and Meal, and 2000 of Biskets. Their Commiſſary General was alſo taken with all his Mules, whoſe Lading was valued at three Millions of Livers. To which muſt be added, Ten Thouſand Horſes belonging to Thirteen Regiments of French Dragoons.

After this Prince *Eugene* departed for *Milan*, where he received his Patent for chief Governor of that Dutchy, and thus ended this glorious Campaign, after he had recover'd all *Piedmont*, except *Suſa*, and ſome Part of *Savoy*, from the Enemy.

During the Winter, inſtead of returning to *Vienna*, he ſent out Parties to raiſe Contributions from the Italian Princes and States, that held Fiefs of the Empire.

Next Year he form'd a Deſign to penetrate *Dauphiny*, but was over-rul'd by the Meaſures of the Two Maritime Powers, who had concerted the unſucceſsful Attack of *Toulon*, which his Highneſs did all he cou'd to diſwade the Allies from; nevertheleſs, tho' he miſcarried in that fatal Siege, he drew off his Troops in as much Order as a Conqueror: And before he went into Winter Quarters, took the ſtrong City of *Suſa* at Diſcretion, in Sight of a numerous Body of Forces under Marſhal *de Teſſe*, who had Orders from the *French* Court to relieve it. The ſame Year the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* made preſſing Inſtances to

the

the Imperial Court, that his Highneſs might be ſent to *Catalonia* to retrieve the Affairs of *Spain*, but without Effect.

In 1708, his Highneſs at the Deſire of the Queen and the States General, acted at the Head of the Army in the *Netherlands*, in Conjunction with his Highneſs the Prince and Duke of *Marlborough*, where he gave wonderful Proofs of his Bravery, eſpecially at the Battles of *Audenard* and *Blaregnies*, in the firſt of which, he receiv'd a dangerous Wound; and in this and the following Years, he aſſiſted in the Sieges of *Liſle*, *Tournay*, *Mons*, *Doway*, *Bethune*, *Aire*, and *St. Venant*, and in relieving *Bruſſells*, and reducing *Ghent* and *Bruges*. In the mean Time his Enemies vow'd his Deſtruction, therefore ſent him a Letter, with a Paper inclos'd poyſon'd to that Degree, that it made his Highneſs with two or three more who did but handle it, ready to ſwoon, and kill'd a Dog immediately who ſwallow'd it after 'twas greas'd.

In 1711, he march'd up into *Germany*, where he ſecur'd the Election of his preſent Majeſty to the Imperial Throne, after the Death of the Emperor *Joſeph*, while the Enemy threatned to prevent that Choice.

The ſame Year the Grand Vizier ſent one of his Agas in an Embaſſy to his Highneſs, who gave him a very ſplendid Audience at *Vienna*, and receiv'd from him a Letter writ by the Grand Vizier's own Hand, wherein he ſtiles his Highneſs, the *Great Pattern of Chriſtian Princes, Preſident of the Aulick Council of War to the Emperor of the Romans, the moſt renowned and moſt excellent among the Chriſtian Princes, Firſt Peer among all the Nations that believe in Chriſt, and beſt beloved Vizier of the Emperor of the Romans.* And he eſteems

him for his great Wisdom, singular Penetration of Judgment, and other eminent Qualities, so universally applauded by People of all Ranks, and admired by his Enemies.

I hope it may not be thought a needless Digression, to recite these few Particulars of the Audience, because they so immediately relate to his Highness. 'The Turkish Ambassador was 'drawn to P. *Eugene's* Palace in his Highness's 'Coach, being conducted through the famous 'painted Hall and the State Chamber, which 'were richly furnished, and almost fill'd with 'Persons of Quality, into the Audience Cham-'ber; Prince *Eugene* sat there as President of the 'Council of War, in an Arm'd Chair cover'd 'with red Velvet. His Cloaths were finely em-'broidered with Gold; his Button to his Hat was 'made of very valuable Diamonds, the Hilt of 'his Sword was set round with the same, and his 'Highness wore the Order of the *Golden Fleece*. 'The Aga being entred the Chamber, he made 'three Obeysances, and then sat down in a Chair 'over against the Prince's. His Highness received 'his Credentials bare headed, and discoursed 'with him in the High-Dutch Language. Their 'Conference being ended, the Ambassador after 'his usual Obeysance, return'd towards the Door, 'when his Highness who had hitherto kept his 'Seat, rose up and saluted him again by taking 'off his Hat.

In 1712, the Prince after having treated with the States General upon the Proposals of Peace, then made by *France*, came over to *England*, at the Desire of the Imperial Court, to confer with our Court on the same Subject, and to obviate the Designs of the Enemy, which were thought

at

at *Vienna* and elſewhere, to be ſubverſive of all the great and glorious Succeſſes which had been obtain'd by the Confederates. He was ſurpriz'd to find that the Day before his Arrival, which was on *Jan.* the 5th, his good Friend the Duke of *Marlborough*, was turn'd out of all his Places, nevertheleſs he diſguis'd his Diſcontent, and made a Viſit to the Lord Preſident of the Council, and the Lord Treaſurer, and having had an Audience of the Queen the Day after his Arrival, he paid his Compliments to the Foreign Miniſters and the New Miniſtry, eſpecially the D. of *Ormond*, whoſe Friendſhip he courted for his own Intereſt and the Good of the common Cauſe. But above all, he did not neglect his faſt Friend and Companion in Military Labours, the *diſcarded General*, nor the outed Miniſtry, whom he knew to be his ſincere Well-wiſhers, eſpecially the Earls of *Godolphin* and *Sunderland*. In the mean time, he was entertain'd at Dinner by moſt of the Nobility, who alſo partook of Collations from him in their Turn. He was alſo ſumptuouſly entertain'd in the City of *London*, by thoſe eminent Merchants, *&c.* who had formerly contributed to the *Sileſian Loan*. But the Courtiers, tho' they careſs'd him for his Merit, were not forward to bring his Negotiations to a happy Iſſue; ſo that after the Queen had preſented him with a Sword ſet with Diamonds, worth 4500*l.* and after he had been told that his Majſter's Affairs ſhou'd be treated of at *Utrecht*, he had Audience of Leave the 13, of *March*, and ſet out the 17, to open the Campaign in *Flanders*. But we muſt obſerve, before his Departure, his Highneſs unfortunately loſt his Nephew, the *Chevalier de Savoy*, younger Son of the Count *de Soiſſons*, that came

over with him, who died of the ſmall Pox the 25th, of *February*, in the 20th Year of his Age at *Leiceſter Houſe* where the Prince reſided while he ſtay'd in *England*, (the ſame having been formerly the Reſidence of Count *Gallas* his Imperial Majeſty's Ambaſſador) Neither muſt it be forgot (I mention it to the eternal Shame of thoſe who encourag'd it) that this Prince, whoſe Character had been ſacred by the Laws of Nations, if he had come even from our moſt inveterate Enemy, the King of *France*, that this Prince I ſay, had the common Fate of all that are truly *Great* and *Good*, to be libell'd to his Face, by thoſe Tools of the Party, who have not ſpar'd to inſult the Brighteſt Ornaments both of Camp and Cabinets.

When the Prince was return'd to *Flanders*, he advanc'd with the D. of *Ormond* and the Confederate Troops, into the Middle of the Enemy's Gariſons, and had a fair Opportunity for either a Battle or a Siege, till the Duke declar'd his Orders not to enter into any Action againſt the *French*, ; to which his Highneſs anſwered, *That ſince the Troops could not now retire without the Hazard of a Blow, it would have been better if the Duke had diſcovered his Orders before they had approach'd ſo near the Enemy.* The D. of *Ormond* however, conſented to cover the Siege of *Queſnoy*, but ſoon deſir'd the Prince to give it over, who anſwer'd, that *He would cauſe it to be proſecuted with all imaginable Vigor, and that he would let his Grace be an Eye Witneſs of another Expedition, which he deſign'd to go upon immediately after the Surrender of* Queſnoy, which broke off all friendly Correſpondence between the Two Generals.

Accordingly his Highneſs took *Queſnoy*, and made the Garriſon Priſoners of War.

Then

Then he caus'd *Landrecies* to be inveſted with the Confederate Troops, while the Duke of *Ormond*, who ſeparated from them on the 16th of *July* with the *Engliſh*, proclaim'd a Ceſſation of Arms between *Great Britain* and *France*; but the Prince was ſoon oblig'd to deſiſt from that Enterprize, by the fatal Battle of *Denain* and other Difficulties, which followed a Separation of the Troops. However, he had ſuch a Reſpect for the Earl of *Albemarle*, that he wrote a Letter to the Regency, in Vindication of his Conduct at the Battle of *Denain*.

In 1713, his Highneſs tho' forc'd to act only defenſively on the *Rhine* againſt the *French*, that now threatned to over-run the Empire, did nevertheleſs ſo ſignalize his Vigilance and Conduct, that he oblig'd the *French* to ſpend one whole Summer in the taking *Landau* and *Friburg*.

'Tis obſervable, that this Year his Highneſs was very much ſtraitned for want of Money, and of an abſolute Command over the Troops, tho' he made preſſing Inſtances for both, to the Court of *Vienna* and to the Diet of the Empire. 'Tis no leſs remarkable, that his Highneſs being offered large Preſents of Money, by ſeveral Prelates and Monaſteries on his Way to the Army, he generouſly rejected them, and preſſed them *To exert their noble Zeal for the Defence and Security of their native Country, by ſending Supplies of Money, if there ſhou'd be any Need of their Aſſiſtance in that Kind.*

Having thus traced him to the laſt Campaign he ever made, I ſhall bring him now to *Raſtadt*, where in 1714, as the Emperor's Ambaſſador and Plenipotentiary, he concluded with Marſhal *Villars* certain Preliminaries of a general Peace;

between

between the *Empire* and *France*; and at his Return to *Vienna*, was careſs'd with great Joy by the Court, huzza'd by the Citizens, and was preſented by the Emperor with a fine Sword garniſh'd with dimonds.

As for his Highneſs's Character, you cannot have a brighter nor a juſter one, than what was given him while the Prince was here, by that inimitable Author, Mr. *Steel*, in his *Spectator*, *March* the 31, in Subſtance as follows.

'It is not poſſible for me to find Words to let 'one know, what an artful Glance there is in 'his Countenance, who ſurpriz'd *Cremona*; how 'daring he appears, who forc'd the Trenches of '*Twin*. But in general can ſay, that he who be-'holds him, will eaſily expect from him, any 'thing that is to be imagined or executed by 'the Wit or Force of Man. The Prince is of 'that Stature which makes a Man moſt eaſily 'become all Parts of Exerciſe; has Height to 'be graceful in Occaſions of State and Cere-'mony, and no leſs adapted for Agility and 'Diſpatch. His Aſpect is erect and compos'd, 'his Eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vi-'gilant than ſparkling. His Actions and Ad-'dreſs the moſt eaſie imaginable; and his Beha-'viour in an Aſſembly, peculiarly graceful, in a 'certain Art of mixing inſenſibily with the reſt, 'and becoming one of the Company, inſtead 'of receiving the Courtſhip of it. The Shape 'of his Perſon, and Compoſure of his Limbs, 'are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is 'in his Look ſomething ſublime, which does 'not ſeem to ariſe from his Quality or Cha-'racter, but the innate Diſpoſition of his Mind. 'It is apparent that he *ſuffers* the Preſence of 'much Company, inſtead of *taking Delight* in it;

and

'and he appear'd in Publick, while with us, rather to return good Will or ſatisfie a Curioſity, more than to gratifie any Taſt he had himſelf of being popular: As his Thoughts are never tumultuous in Danger, they are as little diſcompos'd on Occaſions of Pomp and Magnificence. If this Hero has the ſtrong Incentives to uncommon Enterprizes that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he proſecutes and enjoys the Fame of them, with the Juſtneſs, Propriety, and good Senſe of *Cæſar*. It is eaſie to obſerve in him a Mind as capable of being entertain'd with Contemplation, as Enterprize; a Mind ready for great Exploits, but not impatient for Occaſions to exert it ſelf. The Prince has Wiſdom and Valour in as high Perfection as Man can enjoy them; which noble Faculties in Conjunction, baniſh all vain Glory, Oſtentation, Ambition, and all other Vices which might intrude upon his Mind to make it unequal. Theſe Habits and Qualities of Body render his Perſonage ſo extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every Man ſhou'd have in him: The Exertion of his very ſelf, abſtracted from the Circumſtances in which Fortune has plac'd him. Thus were you to ſee P. Eugene, and were told he was a private Gentleman, you wou'd ſay he was a Man of Modeſty and Merit: ſhou'd you be told that was P. Eugene, he was diminiſhed no otherwiſe, than that Part of your diſtant Admiration wou'd turn into familiar Good Will. This I thought fit to entertain my Reader with, concerning a Hero who was never equal'd but by One Man, over whom he alſo has this Advantage, that he had an Opportunity to manifeſt an Eſteem for him in his Adverſity. *Thus far Mr.* Steel.

Sir *R. P.* in the Life of the late Emperor *Leopold* tells us, 'That his Highneſs is a Man of a 'more ſolid Judgment than quick Fancy; and 'that of all the liberal Sciences, he has chiefly ap-'ply'd himſelf to the Mathematicks, and eſpeci-'ally to that Part which relates to Fortification. For this End, he has collected the moſt valuable Books extant in that Faculty; and before he left *England*, laid out a conſiderable Sum of Money with Mr. *Bateman* Bookſeller in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

The ſame Character is alſo given his Highneſs by the Univerſity of *Doway*, when they deſir'd his Protection, after he had taken that Place in Conjunction with the D. of *Marlborough*; for they expreſs'd the Hopes of his Favour, the rather, ſay they, *Becauſe we are fully appriz'd of your Extraordinary Delight in the liberal Sciences, and that there are ſcarce any good Books of Hiſtory or Religion, but you have read with Pleaſure.*

THE CAMPAIGN: A POEM,

To His GRACE the Duke of *MARLBOROUGH*.

By Mr. *ADDISON*.

WHile Crouds of Princes Your Deserts proclaim,
Proud in their Number to enroll Your Name;
While Emperors to You commit their Cause,
And *ANNA*'s Praises Crown the vast Applause;
Accept, great Leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious Verse attempts Your Fights,
Fir'd and transported with a Theme so new:
Ten thousand Wonders op'ning to my View,
Shine forth at once, Sieges and Storms appear,
And Wars and Conquests fill th' Important Year;
Rivers of Blood I see, and Hills of Slain,
An Iliad rising out of One Campaign.

The Haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,
His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side;
Pirene's lofty Barriers were ſubdu'd,
And in the midſt of his wide Empire ſtood;
Auſonia's States, the Victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their *Alps* and *Appenines* in vain,
Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of Rocks (immur'd,
Behind their Everlaſting Hills ſecur'd?
The riſing *Danube* its long Race began,
And half its Courſe through the new Conqueſt ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,
Germania trembled through a Hundred States;
Great *Leopold* himſelf was ſeiz'd with Fear,
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no Succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Deſpair
His Hopes on Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.

To *Britain*'s QUEEN the Nations turn their (Eyes,
On her Reſolves the Weſtern World Relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire Alarms,
In *ANNA*'s Councils, and in *CHURCHIL*'s Arms:
Thrice Happy *BRITAIN*, from the Kingdoms rent,
To ſit the Guardian of the Continent!
That ſees her Braveſt Son advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her Prince's Eye;
Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's ſport,
Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court;
On the firm Baſis of Deſert they riſe,
From long try'd Faith, and Friendſhip's Holy Ties:
Their Sov'raign's well-diſtinguiſh'd Smiles they ſhare,
Her Ornaments in Peace, her Strength in War;

The Nation thanks them with a Publick Voice,
By Show'rs of Bleſſings Heav'n approves their (Choice;
Envy it ſelf is dumb, in Wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud 'em moſt.

Soon as ſoft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky
Britania's Colours in the Zephyrs fly;
Her Chief already has his March begun,
Croſſing the Provinces Himſelf had won,
Till the *Moſelle* appearing from afar
Retards the Progreſs of the Moving War:
Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her fall
In diſtant Climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
But now a Purchaſe to the Sword ſhe lyes,
Her Harveſts for uncertain Owners riſe,
Each Vineyard doubtful of its Maſter grows,
And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows:
The diſcontented Shades of ſlaughter'd Hoſts
That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghoſts
Hop'd, when they ſaw *Britania*'s Arms appear,
The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.

Our God-like Leader, e'er the Stream he paſt,
The mighty Scheme of all his Labours caſt,
Forming his Wond'rous Year within his Thought?
His Boſom glow'd with Battles yet unfought;
The long laborious March he firſt ſurveys,
And joyns the diſtant *Danube* to the *Maeſe*,
Between whoſe Floods ſuch pathleſs Foreſts grow,
Such Mountains riſe, ſo many Rivers flow:
The Toil looks lovely in the Heroes Eyes,
And Danger ſerves but to enhance the Prize.

Big with the Fate of *Europe* he renews
His dreadful Courſe, and the proud Foe perſues:

Infected by the burning Scorpion's Heat,
The ſultry Gales round his chaf'd Temples beat,
'Till on the Borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defenſive Shadows, and refreſhing Winds:
Our *Britiſh* Youth, with in-born Freedom bold,
Unnumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,
Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their Toil,
To prize their QUEEN, and love their Native Soil.
Still to the riſing Sun they take their Way
Through Clouds of Duſt, and gain upon the Day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly Coaſt
With cooling Streams revives the fainting Hoſt,
That chearfully its Labours paſs'd forgets,
The Midnight Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.

O're proſtrate Towns and Palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o're with Weeds, and hid in Graſs)
Breathing Revenge; whilſt Anger and Diſdain
Fire ev'ry Breſt, and boil in ev'ry Vein:
Here ſhatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War;
Whilſt here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal Great *Bourbon*'s Crimes.

At length the Fame of *England*'s Hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview;
Great Souls by Inſtinct to each other turn;
Demand Alliance, and in Friendſhip burn;
A ſudden Friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd out Rays
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze.
Polliſh'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,
Renown'd for Conqueſt, and in Council ſkil'd
Their Courage dwells not in a troubl'd Flood,
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by Reaſon, and by Reaſon cool'd:
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
And only in the Field of Battle ſhown:
To Souls like theſe, in mutual Friendſhip joyn'd,
Heav'n dares entruſt the Cauſe of Human kind.

Britania's graceful Sons appear in Arms,
Her Harraſs'd Troops the Heroes Preſence warms,
Whilſt the high Hills and Rivers all round
With thund'ring Peals of *Britiſh* Shouts reſound:
Doubling their Speed they March with freſh De-
(light,
Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.
So the ſtanch Hound the trembling Deer purſues,
And ſmells his Footſteps in the tainted Dews,
The tedious Track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,
Fir'd at the near Approach, he ſhoots away
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

The March concludes, the various Realms are
(paſt,
Th' Immortal *Schellenbergh* appears at laſt:
Like Hills th' aſpiring Ramparts riſe on high,
Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lye;
Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Paſs,
Threat'ning Deſtruction; Rows of hollow Braſs;
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,
Whilſt in their Wombs Ten Thouſand Thunders
(ſleep:
Great *CHURCHILL* owns, charm'd with the
(glorious ſight,
His March o're-paid by ſuch a promis'd Fight.
The Weſtern Sun now ſhot a feeble Ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the Remains of Day;
Ev'ning

Ev'ning approach'd, but oh what Hoſts of Foes
Were never to behold that Ev'ning cloſe!
Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
The cloſe compacted *Britons* win their Way:
In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd
With Tracks of Death, and laid the Battle waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the Fight, they broke
Through Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of (Smoke.
'Till ſlaughter'd Legions fill'd the Trench below,
And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

High on the Works the mingling Hoſts engage,
The Battle kindled into Tenfold Rage
With Show'rs of Bullets and with Storms of Fire
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire;
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt, in one promiſcous Carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their Doom,
New to the Field, and Heroes in the Bloom!
Th' Illuſtrious Youths that left their Native Shore
To march where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O Fatal Love, of Fame! O Glorious Heat
Only Deſtructive to the Brave and Great!)
After ſuch Toils o'ercome, ſuch Dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* Ramparts, breath their laſt.
But Hold, my Muſe, may no Complaints appear,
Nor blot the Day with an ungrateful Tear:
While *MARLBRO'* lives, *Britania*'s Stars diſpenſe
A friendly Light, and ſhine in Innocence.
Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Steed
Where e're his Friends retire, or Foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden Flight,
And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.

Forbear,

Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms, for-
(bear
To brave the thickeſt Terrors of the War;
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crouds of Foes,
Britania's Safety, and the World's Repoſe;
Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate
This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thy ſelf, thy QUEEN de-
(mands
Conqueſt and Peace from thy Victorious Hands;
Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune join,
And *Europe*'s Deſtiny depends on Thine.

At length the long-diſputed Paſs they gain,
By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain;
The War breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And ſee their Camp with *Britiſh* Legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* Mounds bear on their ſhatter'd Sides
The Sea's whole weight, encreas'd with ſwelling
(Tides;
But if the ruſhing Waves a Paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds,
The trembling Peaſant ſees his Country round
Cover'd with Tempeſts, and in Oceans drown'd.

The few ſurviving Foes diſpers'd in Flight,
(Refuſe of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)
In every ruſsling Wind the Victor hear,
And *MARLBRO*'s Form in ev'ry Shadow fear,
'Till the dark Cope of Night with kind Embrace
Befriends the Rout, and covers their Diſgrace.

To *Donnawert*, with unreſiſted Force,
The gay Victorious Army bends its Courſe;
The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields,
Whatever Spoils *Bavaria*'s Summer yields,
(The

(The *Danube*'s great Increaſe) *Britania* ſhares,
The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars:
With Magazines of Death, deſtructive Balls,
And Cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s Walls;
The Victor finds each hidden Cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their Fury on their Guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy Greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy Dream of Empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd Throne,
And made Imaginary Realms thy own!
Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for Shelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there Surrounded with Alarms,
Thou hop'ſt th' Aſſiſtance of the *Gallic* Arms;
The *Gallic* Arms in Safety ſhall advance,
And croud thy Standards with the Pow'r of *France*;
While to conſole thy Doom, th' aſpiring *Gaul*
Shares thy Deſtruction, and adorns thy Fall.

Unbounded Courage and Compaſſion joyn'd,
Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,
Alternately proclaim him Good and Great,
And make the Heroe and the Man compleat.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate Foe to gain
By proffer'd Grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length, he thinks in vain to ſpare
His riſing Wrath, and gives a Looſe to War.
In Vengeance rous'd, the Souldier fills his Hand
With Sword and Fire, and ravages the Land;
A Thouſand Villages to Aſhes turns,
In crackling Flames a Thouſand Harveſts burns;
To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling Lords the common Shade partake,
And Cries of Infants ſound in ev'ry Brake:

The

The list'ning Soldier fix'd in Sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his Leaders just Commands;
The Leader grieves by gen'rous Pity Sway'd,
To see his just Commands so well obey'd.

But now the Trumpet terrible from far,
In shriller Clangors animates the War;
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Consort beat,
And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud Standards, to *Bavaria*'s joyn'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the Wind;
The daring Prince his blasted Hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled Host he views
Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful Length,
His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.

The fatal Day its mighty Course began,
That the griev'd World had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new Captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,
Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,
And Prayers in Bitterness of Soul preferr'd;
Europe's loud Cries, that Providence assail'd,
And ANNA's ardent Vows at length prevail'd;
The Day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His Care and Conduct of the World below.

Behold in awful March and dread Array,
The long extended Squadrons shape their Way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious Horror to the bravest Hearts;
Yet do their beating Breasts demand the Strife,
And Thirst of Glory quells the Love of Life;
No vulgar Fears can *British* Minds controul,
Heat of Revenge, and noble Pride of Soul

O're-look the Foe, advantag'd by his Poſt,
Leſſen his Numbers, and contract his Hoſt:
Tho' Fens and Floods poſſeſt the middle Space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs;
Nor Fens nor Floods can ſtop *Britannia*'s Bands,
When her proud Foe rang'd on her Borders ſtands.

But O, my Muſe, what Numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious Troops in Battle joyn'd!
Methinks I hear the Drums tumultuous Sound,
The Victor's Shouts, and dying Groans confound,
The dreadful Burſt of Cannon rend the Skies,
And all the Thunder of the Battle riſe.
'Twas then great MARLBRO's mighty Soul was (prov'd
That in the Shock of charging Hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt Confuſion, Horror and Deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought, the Field of Death ſurvey'd,
To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd Battallions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
So when an Angel by divine Command,
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o're pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And pleas'd th'Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.

But ſee the haughty Houſhold-Troops advance!
The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*.
The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conqueſt glows;
Proudly He marches on, and void of Fear,
Laughs at the ſhaking of the *Britiſh* Spear:

Vain

Vain Insolence! with native Freedom brave,
The meaneſt *Briton* ſcorns the higheſt Slave:
Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his Arm th'important Day,
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:
A Thouſand glorious Actions, that might claim
Triumphant Lawrels, and Immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crowds of glorious Actions lie,
And Troops of Heroes undiſtinguiſh'd die.
O *Dormer*! how can I behold thy Fate,
And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate!
How can I ſee the Gay, the Brave, the Young,
Fall in the Cloud of War, and lie unſung!
In Joys of Conqueſt he reſigns his Breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s Glory, ſmiles in Death.

The Rout begins, the *Gallick* Squadrons run,
Compell'd in Crowds to meet the Fate they ſhun;
Thouſands of fiery Steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in Gore with their dead Maſters mix'd,
'Midſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driv'n around,
Lye in the *Danube*'s bloody Whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold Youths, born on the diſtant *Soan*,
Or ſounding Borders of the rapid *Rhone*;
Or where the *Sein* her flow'ry Fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* thro' winding Vineyards glides;
In Heaps the rolling Billows ſweep away,
And into *Scythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey.
From *Bleinheim*'s Tow'rs the *Gaul* with wild A-
Beholds the various Havock of the Fight; (fright,
His waving Banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood;
So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal Breach,

Or pierce the broken Foes remoteſt Lines,
The hardy Veteran with Tears reſigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard*! Oh who can name
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,
That with mix'd Tumult in thy Boſom ſwell'd!
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt Troops repelld.
Thine only Son pierc'd with a deadly Wound,
Choak'd in his Blood, and gaſping on the ground,
Thy ſelf in Bondage by the Victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *Engliſh* Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
And in th'unhappy Man forgets the Foe.
Greatly diſtreſs'd! thy loud Complaints forbear,
Blame not the Turns of Fate and Chance of War;
Give thy brave Foes their Due, nor bluſh to own,
The fatal Field by ſuch great Leaders won,
The Field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the Second Honours of the Day.

With Floods of Gore that from the Vanquiſh'd (fell,
The Marſhes ſtagnate, and the Rivers ſwell.
Mountains of Slain lie heap'd upon the Ground,
Or 'midſt the Roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;
Whole Captive Hoſts the Conqueror detains
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains;
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcape the Fetters and the Sword,
Nor ſeek the Fortunes of a happier Lord;
Their raging King diſhonours, to compleat
MARLBORO's great Work, and finiſh the Defeat.

From *Memminghen*'s high Domes, and *Aus-* (*burgh*'s Walls,
The diſtant Battle drives th'inſulting *Gauls*;
Free'd by the Terror of the Victor's Name,
The reſcu'd States his great Protection claim;

Whilſt

Whilſt *Ulme* th'Approach of her Deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious Gates.

The Heroe's Breaſt ſtill ſwells with great De-
(ſigns,
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius ſhines:
If to the Foe his dreadful Courſe he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his March extends;
If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an Army ſtorm'd:
If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,
The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.
What diſtant Lands, what Region can afford
An Action worthy his Victorious Sword?
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the Series of his Toils compleat?

Where the ſwoln *Rhine* ruſhing with all its Force,
Divides the Hoſtile Nations in its Courſe,
While Each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraitn'd as the River flows;
On *Gallia*'s Side a mighty Bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide extended Plain commands:
Twice, ſince the War was kindled, has it try'd
The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side:
As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'er-joy'd,
Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs;
Hence future Triumphs from the War expects:
And, tho' the Dog-ſtar had its Courſe begun,
Carries his Arms ſtill nearer to the Sun.
Fix'd on the glorious Action, he forgets
The Change of Seaſons, and Increaſe of Heats.
No Toils are painful that can Danger ſhow;
No Climes unlovely that contain a Foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own Bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to Encamp within his Native Land;
But ſoon as the Victorious Hoſt he ſpies,
From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies:
Such dire Impreſſions in his Heart remain
Of MARLBRO's Sword, and HOCHSTET's fatal Plain.
In Vain *Britan nia*'s mighty Chief beſets
Their ſhady Coverts, and obſcure Retreats:
They fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,
That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.

Auſtria's Young Monarch, whoſe Imperial Sway,
Scepters and Thrones are deſtin'd to obey;
Whoſe boaſted Anceſtry ſo high extends,
That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends;
Comes from afar, in Gratitude to own
The great Supporter of his Father's Throne.
What Tides of Glory to his Boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?
How were his Eyes with pleaſing Wonder fixt
To ſee ſuch Fire with ſo much Sweetneſs mixt!
Such eaſie Greatneſs, ſuch a graceful Port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the Camp or Court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,
And *Nereus* ſhone but in the ſecond Place:
Thus the great Father of Almighty *Rome*,
Divinely fluſht with an Immortal Bloom,
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant Breath beſtow'd,
In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd.

The Royal Youth, by MARLBRO's Preſence charm'd,
Taught by his Counſels, by his Actions warm'd;

On

On *Landau* with re-doubl'd Fury falls,
Diſcharges all his Thunder on its Walls;
O'er Mines and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,
And learns to Conquer in the Heroe's ſight.

The *Britiſh* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd;
Increas'd in Titles, and with Conqueſts crown'd;
To *Belgian* Coaſts his tedious March renews,
And the long Windings of the *Rhine* purſues;
Clearing its Borders from Uſurping Foes,
And bleſt by reſcu'd Nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire Alarms,
And *Traerbach* feels the Terror of his Arms;
Seated on Rocks, her proud Foundations ſhake,
While MARLBRO' preſſes to the bold Attack;
Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon roar,
And ſhows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near Approach, Great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining Years;
Forgets his Thirſt of Univerſal Sway,
And ſcarce can teach his Subjects to Obey:
His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd,
Th' Ambitious Projects for his Race deſtroy'd;
The Work of Ages ſunk in One Campaign,
And Lives of Millions Sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' Effects of ANNA's Royal Cares.
By Her, *Britannia*, great in Foreign Wars,
Ranges through Nations, whereſoe'er disjoyn'd,
Without the wonted Aid of Sea and Wind.
By Her th' unfetter'd *Iſter*'s States are free,
And taſte the Sweets of *Engliſh* Liberty.
But who can tell the Joys of thoſe that lye
Beneath the conſtant Influence of Her Eye!

Whilſt

Whilſt in diffuſive Show'rs Her Bounties fall,
Like Heav'ns Indulgence, and deſcend on All;
Secure the Happy, Succour the Diſtreſt,
Make ev'ry Subject Glad, and a whole People Bleſt.

Thus would I fain *Britannia*'s Wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth Records of a faithful Verſe;
That, if ſuch Numbers can o're Time prevail,
May tell Poſterity the wond'rous Tale.
When Actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries muſt be taught to ſpeak:
Gods may deſcend in Factions from the Skies,
And Rivers from their Oozy Beds ariſe:
Fiction may deck the Truth with ſpurious Rays,
And round the Heroe caſt a borrow'd Blaze.
MARLBRO's Exploits appear divinely bright.
And proudly ſhine in their own Native Light:
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuin Charms they (boaſt:
And thoſe who Paint 'em trueſt, Praiſe 'em moſt.

2 AP 63

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT the ſame Place where theſe *Annals* are publiſhed, may be had,

Churchill's Annals, the 2d, Edition, being a complete View of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Life and Glorious Actions, both in the Field and Cabinet; and Dedicated to the *Engliſhman*. Price 6.

Alſo Gentlemen may have both bound together at the Publiſhers, and at Mr. *Joſeph Marſhal*'s, Bookſeller, at the *Bible* in *Newgate-ſtreet*.